

'Tis a dark, dreary night, and weary and sad,
I sit by my casement high;
My heart has no home in this wide, wide world.
O, who is so wretched as I?
The wind comes sighing from over the bay,
And the rain is sobbing drear,
And the murky gloom distills in my heart
An undefinable fear,
Of I know not what, but I would that some
Good angel would come to me here,
Would list to my prayer and wipe from my eye
The unbidden tear-drop there.

S. M. R.

SARA'S SHAWL.

John Pray was born stingy; he hid his sweetmeats from his little brothers when he was a child, and smoked his cigars alone when he was a young man.

By the time he was forty, Jonas Pray was a very rich man, though he lived as plainly as ever, and somehow about that age the first tender feelings he had ever known crept into his heart. He fell in love with a buxom, good-tempered young woman named Sara Woolwich, and offered himself to her. He was not an ill-looking man, and when he chose could make himself agreeable. Sara liked him and accepted him.

Jonas meant to be liberal to her at first, but after a brief honeymoon happiness his old habits resumed their way, and, at last, the second winter of their married life coming on, Sara found that all her remarks about her shabby summer hat had no effect whatever, and that she might wait a long while without having such a thing as a comfortable cloak suggested to her. She had been a poor girl, and had no trousseau to speak of, and she found it necessary to put her pride in her pocket and ask for what she needed.

It is hard enough for a wife to do that, but to be refused was something she had not calculated on.

She knew her husband had a large bank account—that there was no reason she should not dress as well as any lady in the land. But when she had said, playfully, "Jonas, shall I buy myself some winter things to-day? I need a shawl dreadfully," he had answered, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to run after the fashions, Sara. I'm sure you have very decent things that you might wear a long while yet."

"That shows how much men know," Sara answered, determined to be pleasant and not to show that she was hurt. "You would not like your wife to look shabby, Jonas?"

"Well, no," said Jonas, "no; but really, Sara, money is so scarce just now. Don't you think you might make what you have do a little longer?"

"How much longer?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jonas. "I had an aunt who left me something when she died, who wore the same shawl and bonnet sixteen years, and boasted of it, too."

His wife looked at him and said nothing.

"Economy is a great thing, Sara," said Jonas, unasily. "It would be dreadful to die in the poor-house, you know; and you don't care for other people's admiration, do you, Sara, when you know your Jonas likes you as well in your well-saved clothes! We won't call them 'shabby,' Sara, only well-saved."

"Call them what you please, Jonas," said Sara. "They merit both epithets."

She sat quietly, with her hands folded on the table before her for a while. Her temper was rising fast, but she had sense enough to crush it down.

A miser is the victim of a vice that masters him—just as a drunkard is. Jonas was ashamed of himself even as he spoke, and she knew it. As she looked at him a little while grief came instead of anger. There was so much that was good about Jonas. It was terrible to see this canker creeping over it all; to see the pinched lines about his mouth, the strange, anxious look in his eyes. Poor Sara remembered stories she had read of misers, how they starved themselves while they counted their gold; how some of them died in the dark to save candles, and how, through a long illness, one of the wealthiest of these men refused to have a pillow bought for him, or even a little saucepan in which to heat his porridge. Would Jonas grow to be as bad as these? How could she tell? Once or twice of late he had found fault with the amount of butter used, and moaned over his butcher's bill. But men generally did something of that sort, she had heard; and men knew nothing about dress. She arose softly and went out of the room, and brought back her bonnet and shawl and put them on the table before him.

"Jonas, dear," she said, "I don't want you to think me unreasonable; look at these, see how shabby they are. They were nice when we were married, but they were cheap, very cheap—cheap things fade so. I have made everything I had do for two years. I did not like to ask. I have not spent one penny of your money for clothes. You know you

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

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gave me two pairs of gloves in our honeymoon—I have them still."

"What a good, careful girl," said Jonas, caressing her dark hair, as she came and sat on a low stool beside him.

"Yes, I have been careful. It is my nature to be careful," said Sarah. "Few rich men's wives would have done so much. Now look at these things, my dear."

Jonas looked. There came a time afterward when it seemed to him that the faded tint of that shawl, its dingy palm leaves of yellow brown, and the wilted flowers and shabby ribbon of the bonnet had been seared into his brain. He looked at them long and lingeringly. He knew his wife was reasonable, and that the things were, and long had been, unfit for her to wear. But his money tugged at his heart-strings.

"Suppose you wear them one winter more, Sara," he said. "Just one."

"The shawl is very thin," she said. "I shall catch cold again as I did last winter."

"Poor girl!" he said, softly, and looked toward the desk where his check-book lay. But the grip of the fiend that rules a miser's soul nipped him sorely as he did so.

The momentary impulse vanished. Besides, a thought occurred to him.

"They wear acquiesce a good deal, Sara, don't they?" he said.

"Oh! they are very fashionable," replied his wife.

"Then couldn't you make one of that old billiard-cloth that is in the trunk-room?" he said. "My poor mother bought it at an auction. She meant to use it for a coverlet; but it's a very pretty green, don't you think, Sara, and such nice material?"

There is a limit to a woman's patience; this suggestion measured Sara's. She started to her feet, and, gathering up her bonnet and shawl, walked out of the room. After she had gone Jonas really looked at his check-book, and, for at least two minutes, contemplated drawing a large check, and telling his wife he had been teasing her. But he could not bring himself to do it.

After a while his wife looked into the room with her old bonnet on, and her old shawl about her shoulders, and said: "Jonas, I'm going to spend the day with my sister-in-law, but I shall be home before dinner-time."

"I hope you'll enjoy yourself, my dear," said Jonas. He saw her eyes were heavy with weeping, and looked away, ashamed of himself.

Then he took himself to his office, where he ground out his money, and, during the day, compromised with himself. He would do no extravagant thing, but when he went home he would give his wife what was necessary. And, after all, as he said to himself, it would have been better to have done it. He had grieved her, and she was the only thing he loved on earth.

He went home earlier than usual that evening to make what amends his soul would consent to, and as he walked briskly along, being light upon his feet yet—for who ever heard of a miser growing fat!—he thought that he never again would bring tears to those good, kind eyes. Never, never again, never again; and then—what was that crowd? What had happened? People were coming his way, looking backward as they came. Men, boys, women, little children, all the riff-raff that accident, or quarrel, or an arrest will collect in the streets of New York; and now he was in the midst of the throng and close to four policemen, who, with set faces, marched in time, bearing between them a stretcher, on which lay a human form. It was covered—covered with a shawl. Jonas looked. Oh, heaven! he knew the pattern of that shawl. Only a few hours before its dingy palm leaves of yellow brown, its faded fringe, its shabby brown center had been spread before him.

It was his wife's shawl.

"Stop—stop—stop!" he cried. "Let me see her—let me see her!"

"Do you know her?" asked the policeman.

"Let me see her face," said Jonas, growing so faint that a kindly man had by supported him by the arm.

"You'd not know her face; a telegraph pole fell on her; it's crushed out of all shape," said the policeman. "But

shawls are alike. Keep up your courage. I don't think this any relation of yours; she's too shabby. Look at her shoes. See here, this is her bonnet. You don't know that?"

He held up a bonnet. It was crushed and soaked with blood; but Jonas knew it. The streaked purple ribbon, and a flower amongst the other flowers that had lost half its petals. He had fingered it as it lay on the table beside him.

"Yes, I know it!" he cried. "It's Sara! It's my wife!"

Then he pulled away the shawl from the crushed face, and fainted outright. Just as his senses were leaving him he heard some one say:

"His wife! why, I thought she was a beggar!" And another answered:

"Like enough; they call him a miser. I know him. His name is Jonas Pray."

They carried the poor woman home to Jonas Pray's old house, helping him to follow as he came to himself. She was laid upon her bed, and there was a coroner's inquest, and women prepared her for burial, talking amongst themselves of the shame it was, that she, a rich man's wife, should be so clad; and then there was a pause, that he might be alone with her if he would.

Before the time came he had a cab called, and went out in it. He was driven to a large dry-goods establishment, where he asked to see the manager, and was shown to his office.

The manager found him there, a pale, miserable object, trembling and faint, as one in a deep illness. He was shabby, too.

"He has come to beg," thought the manager; and his "What can I do for you?" was curt.

But Jonas cared nothing for anyone's manner now. He answered sadly, "I want to buy a shawl."

"A salesman will attend you, sir," said the manager.

"No," said Jonas; "I am too ill, too broken to talk to the salesman. I can trust you. I want the costliest shawl you have."

"A madman!" thought the manager.

"Our costliest is \$5,000," said he, repressing a smile.

"Have it put up for me," said Jonas.

"Certainly, mad!" said the gentleman to himself.

But Jonas had drawn a check from his breast, and with trembling hand was filling up the blanks.

The manager examined them carefully.

"Mr. Jonas Pray," he said, more respectfully. Then it flashed upon him that he had read of a fatal accident to this man's wife that morning. It was a strange proceeding altogether. Secretly he called others to look at his customer. One knew him—financially it was all right.

"And the rest is none of our business," said the manager, as he saw the bundle of splendor carried down stairs after Jonas Pray. "They spoke of him as a miser in the paper. That's a pretty purchase for a miser."

Meanwhile Jonas drove home. From the door floated long streamers of black crape. No sweet face smiled a greeting. Within all was hushed. Carrying the shawl under his arm, he went up stairs to the darkened room, where, under straight folds of white drapery, seemed to be the sorrow of the house. A watcher sat there. He sent her away. Then, alone in the room, he knelt down upon the floor beside the coffin.

"Sara," he said—"Sara can you hear me?—I loved you, Sara; but I was such a miser—such a miser! I've bought you a shawl at last. Oh, Sara! Sara! I've paid as much as I could for it, my dear. You shall be wrapped in it in your coffin, but at that instant a voice cried:

"Oh, Jonas! Jonas, dear! Oh, my poor Jonas! My poor, poor Jonas!"

And turning, he saw his wife, either in the spirit or the flesh, standing behind him. His knees trembled under him. He cried out to Heaven to protect him; but the figure came closer. It was no ghost, but a living woman. She took him in her arms.

"Oh, how ill you look," she said.

"Did you really love me so? And it is all my fault. I went to my sister-in-law's, and there in a pet, oh! I was so angry, Jonas—I gave away my dress, my shawl, and my bonnet to a beggar woman—and vowed to sit in one of my

sister's dressing-gowns until you gave me decent clothes to come home in. And the poor woman—who was tipsy, too, my dear—was killed two hours afterward, and I never knew that she had been taken from me until this morning. Oh! such a dirty creature, my dear, the papers described her! And for a little I was glad that you had had a fright, but I'm sorry now I was."

For an answer he picked up the costly shawl and wrapped it about her, and took her, folded in it like a mummy, to his heart again.

"The miser is dead," he said. But Jonas Pray will show his wife how he can cherish her."

He did, and if ever afterward Sara detected symptoms of a relapse all she had to do was to wrap herself in her wonderful shawl. The sight of it inevitably recalled the moment when he learned how little after all is the value of money, and realized in agony of soul that "should a man give all the substance of his house for love it would be utterly condemned." He may, indeed, love his money yet; but he knows that he loves Sara more.

A Thrilling Welsh Story.

LIVERPOOL, April 21.—During a period of nearly ten days a terrible battle has been raging in the Welsh colliery of Troedyrhiw, a battle in which Death savagely fought on one side, and the brave miners of Pontypridd on the other. The tale is one that will live long in the homes of the Rhondda valley. It is a story the details of which have been given day by day, and which has stirred to the lowermost depths the sympathies of English people, and enlisted the earnest solicitude of the Queen herself. Day after day since the strange calamity occurred which closed a number of hapless miners in a living tomb, the first tidings for which the newspaper was searched at every household table, has been the latest report from that dreadful Troedyrhiw mine. When the news had been read that the miners were still entombed, public sympathy and interest gradually quickened into an absorbing anxiety, which converted the battle waged so long and earnestly for life into a national event. It was on Wednesday, the 12th inst., just as the day-shift colliers were quitting the Troedyrhiw Pit, when the catastrophe occurred. Some late incautious blow, or some accidental breach of wall or vein, burst the thin partition which held back a vast concealed reservoir of subterranean water, when suddenly, with a rush like that of an angry incoming sea, a black Coeytus of flood broke in upon the mine. Filling the lower galleries and the bottom of the shafts, driving before it the atmosphere from every portion of the workings, this mysterious deluge cut off two parties of men, who escaped with difficulty from the peril of immediate drowning only to find themselves immured in the first and second adits of the mine nearest the upper shafts. No sooner was it known that a number of operatives were missing than scores of brave hardy volunteers were forthcoming to rescue their fellows. Many at once descended the shaft, which is 276 feet deep, and entered the workings. It was then ascertained that all the workings within a few hundred yards of the bottom of the shaft were filled with water to the roof, and no hope was entertained that any one would be discovered alive. While the explorers were consulting as to what movement should be made, faint knockings were heard on the other side of the coal, as was conjectured, at a distance of thirty or forty feet. No sooner was this discovery made than a score of men threw off their jackets and with mandrills commenced cutting through the solid mass. The imprisoned were also at work.

Throughout the night, relays of men toiled with desperate, untiring energy, cheered and encouraged by the knocking and sounds of labor of the imprisoned men. The task was very laborious, it having to be performed in deep water, but such was the progress made that on the following morning a mandrill struck through and a hole was made in to that part of the pit where five men were shut up. The next moment a terrific explosion occurred and one of the imprisoned, a miner named Morgan, was hurled into the opening, where the rescuers found him dead. The inundation

had been so sudden as to imprison the air in the inner workings, and the force of this had kept back the water from the five men in that locality. The moment a small hole was cut by Morgan's mandrill this volume of imprisoned air escaped and hurled the poor fellow's body into the opening and his soul into eternity. His body was soon after brought to the surface, and immediately following the four living men were brought up and delivered into hands of their overjoyed friends. Others, however, were still missing; others were mourning over friends still immured in the pit, and once more the explorers, with willing hands and stout, manly hearts, set to work. Once more knocking was heard, but at a considerable distance. These remaining prisoners were, like their released fellows, shut up in a chamber of compressed air leading out of a gallery which the water had entirely filled. The other end of this chamber was a thick, solid wall of coal, and beyond this again was another passage filled with water. Divers attempted to penetrate this latter passage but failed, and it was not until Monday, the 16th inst., that the water in it was so far reduced by pumping as to render working practicable. Till Thursday following the men who had volunteered for the task worked continuously by constant relays in endeavoring to cut a passage through the wall which separated them from their imprisoned comrades. The passage was about three feet in diameter, and the men carried on the work on their hands and knees. So great was the interest to effect their rescue that a colliery owner worth at least £50,000 went down in the train of a collier to lend a helping hand. On Thursday the rescuers came near enough to communicate with the entombed. Shouting at the top of his voice, a miner asked, "How many of them are you?" The reply came back, "Five." It was then asked, "How have you lived?" To this answer was made, "By eating candles. Do make haste."

Shortly after 10 o'clock Friday morning, the 20th inst., it was known that the men would be brought out alive, and a message which came up to that effect drew forth a ringing cheer which was re-echoed from one end of the village to the other. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon the men who had been lying for quite ten days in a tomb far underground once again came into the light of day and breathed the free air of the upper world. By a happy coincidence, when the last man was brought to bank and was being conveyed on a stretcher covered with blankets into the hospital, a message was received from the Queen. Mr. Parker, one of the officers of the company, mounted a tram, and, with a loud voice, said, "A message from the Queen." There was a rush of people forward, and the miners and all others having uncovered, it was read. This was followed with ringing cheers and waving of caps. The message was as follows: "Biddulph, Osborne, to Mr. Wales, Mine Inspector, Pontypridd: The Queen is very anxious for the last accounts of the poor men in the mine. Are they saved? Pray telegraph."

Everything was in readiness, and the five rescued ones were carefully attended to by nurses and surgeons. It was learned from them that they had nothing to eat during their confinement except a little grease which had run from the box where they kept the candles. The first two days they had a light, but this went out at the close of the second day. They suffered terribly from thirst. During the imprisonment, and while the work of rescue was going on, many prayer-meetings were held in the district and the men commended to the mercy of God.

It should not be forgotten as one of the many incidents connected with this thrilling affair, that the four men who first escaped and the poor fellow who was their companion, and subsequently suffered death, when surrounded by water, took, as they thought, an eternal farewell of each other, and then sang a well-known hymn in Welsh, of which the following is a translation:

"In the deep and mighty waters
There is none to hold my head
But my only Saviour, Jesus,
Who was slaughtered for my soul.
He, a friend, in Jordan's river,
Holding up my sinking head;
With his smile I'll go rejoicing
Through the regions of the dead."

It appears that they were singing this

when the welcome tappings were heard; "and," said Thomas Morgan, "off went our jackets, and my beloved son, who is no more, worked all night with the energy of a lion. He passed the Jordan River, and is to day on the holy hill of the better land."—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Apr. 30, 1877.

There is trouble about Plymouth Church parlor. A religious paper first attacked it, and now ministers have taken it up, and Mr. Beecher's broad views regarding the entertainment of young people within the limits of the church is likely to meet with some opposition. Orthodox divines do not regard such specimens of oratory as "Buck Fanshaws' Funeral," or that of the hero who valiantly assaulted the musical and vituperative Thomascats on a cold winter's night clad only in a single garment, a shirt of male, in which warlike but undress uniform he fell from a high position among a bevy of girls, and into sundry saucers of hot molasses candy, as being properly suited to an edifice intended for prayer and praise. Then, though David danced before the Lord, they do not believe that it was after the fashion of the glide, the Boston, or *trois temps*, and the young people will probably be obliged to do their dancing, read their comic stories, and enact their farces elsewhere than in church parlors, if this new order of things takes effect; but they are not only young but strong, and a fierce fight will be fought for church parlor amusements.

Our streets are full of strangers who are buying their spring stocks of merchandise or their individual garments, and consequently the hotels are reaping the benefit.

There is much needless nonsense afloat about the security of the hotels against fire. At least there should be discrimination made in favor of the fully protected. Take, for instance, the St. Nicholas, of this city, whose proprietors have submitted their premises to expert inspection on the part of the underwriters, the Building Department, and Fire Commissioners, all of whom have pronounced the arrangements ample and complete, leaving nothing to be desired or even conceived. There is no Mansard tinder box on top, the main halls correspond on every floor, and there is no chance for confusion or ignorance as regards egress. There are ten separate stairways from the upper floors, five of them leading directly to the street, two to Broadway, two to Mercer street, and one to Spring street. Constant watch is kept by day and night—six watchmen being on special duty all night. The fire extinguishing facilities are ample and in charge of responsible men, who have stated hours of duty and proper relief. There is plenty of water, several powerful pumps and 2,000 feet of hose. In short, Messrs. Hawk & Co., the popular proprietors, by their admirable provisions for the safety and comfort of their guests and their reduced scale of charges have fairly entitled themselves to the most generous appreciation of the traveling public.

Fancy a man dancing, or rather waltzing, five hours on a stretch. Crowds have gathered to witness and bet on horse races, mule races, rowing matches, walking matches, but this is the first waltzing match ever attempted, and the French dancing master who essayed it had only time for his opponent. Soon we may expect to see two or more dancing masters, to say nothing of the dancing mistresses who will try their strength against each other. Whether they will be timed for swiftness, and the race reduced to mile heats, or whether it will still be a question merely of which will hold out the longest, has not yet been arranged. A five-hours' whirligig is about as much as any one cares to watch, at any rate, and the number of young men and maidens whom this devotee of Terpsichore danced into exhaustion was almost numberless.

The first suit in the Emma Mine case has been decided in Mr. Tenor Park's favor, much to that gentleman's delight. \$500,000 was in the scale, but the end is not yet. It will probably go to the Supreme Court, which may reverse the decision, and Mr. Parke's tears of joy be changed to those of sorrow.

Following the French fashion, clabor-

ate toilettes are preparing for the races which will occur between June 2d and 16th. There will be seven days racing in all at Jerome Park, and every one will be there to see.

Washington Correspondence.

From our own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28, '77.

For many months the public has heard nothing from the Hon. Alex. H. Stevens, ("except that he was on his death bed," "not expected to live through tonight," &c.), he appeared in the House of Representatives but twice during the last session, and then was carried on an invalid chair to the Capitol and in the arms of a servant to and from his seat; but now he is recovering his health, and has recently shown that his brain or mind has not been keeping as quiet as his body, by the expression of various sentiments and opinions regarding the situation of affairs generally. He has only this week become able to ride out, and one of his first drives was to the Executive Mansion. He was too weak to leave his carriage, but sent his respects to the President with excuses for not entering. The president at once went out to Mr. Stephens' carriage, where he stood talking with him for a half an hour. Of course Mr. Stephens praised the new policy—they all do when they are face face to with its author—and complimented him for his firmness in carrying it out.

Mrs. Hayes has been more severely criticized about allowing wine at the State Dinner given to the Grand Dukes last week than for any act since she has been in the White House. Different people take different views; some arguing that since she has confessedly strong scruples against its use in any case, she should have withstood all influence in a contrary direction, and taught a lesson of temperance to foreign nations, by refusing to offer them wine; while others, in equally as plausible manner, take the ground that the State Dinner was not of Mrs. Hayes' giving, but a Government affair entirely, hence she had no right to dictate in the matter, nor interest herself further than to preside at the table, and that merely because her home is in the Executive Mansion. Let her exercise her own pleasure at private entertainment which she chose to give, but State affairs are government affairs, and she should have no more voice in them than should any and every other lady in land.

Mrs. Hayes has been called charmingly fresh and fair, and she is so; notwithstanding which fact, she has been the mother of eight children. Birchard, aged 23, who is in the law school of Harvard University; Webb, 21, and Rutherford, 17, who are under-graduates of Cornell; Joseph, between Webb and Rutherford, who died in infancy; Georgie Crook, whose family are intimate friends of the President and Mrs. Hayes; Fannie, aged 9, the only girl, and of course the pet in the family; Scott, (pet named "Tuso"), aged 6; and the baby, Manning, born in Fremont, and died when 20 months old. Fannie and Scott, who are always with their mother, will have a most delightful play ground this summer at the Soldier's Home, where their father has engaged the famous old Rigg's Mansion as their summer residence.

The question of proper United States naval forces is being considerably agitated in this vicinity of late, probably being called to the public mind by the Eastern commotion. "Congress owes one duty to the people of the United States, in view of a possibility of a general war in Europe. It should make appropriation for at least eight war vessels, which will be able to cope with anything in the world. We have nothing of this kind at present. One English iron-clad could ride over our whole navy and leave naught but wrecks behind."

The majority of the people of Washington have been entertained for the last few days by Forepaugh's great menagerie, which has been exhibiting here, and which really presents several exceptionally interesting features, most prominent among which is a baby elephant three months old, and three feet high. It is a docile little thing, and looks smaller than it is by the side of huge old Jennie, its mother. The display of lions, tigers, leopards, and other savage animals is also very extensive, a litter of young lions, a male hippopotamus, and several camels, attracting much attention. The menagerie left the city Wednesday night, and on the way to the cars one of the dromedaries became refractory, lay down, and evinced a malice that would give zoologists good evidence of the camel's connection with the family of mules.

Politicians are strongly pressing the Administration for an early convening of the Extra Session of Congress, than the 4th of June, and many now believe the time will be set as early as the 20th of May. If so it will be declared by the 1st. Several gentlemen are in this city now, working with might and main to secure nomination for the Speakership. Randall is said to be ahead thus far, though Gen. Banks is fast gaining upon him.

M. M. W.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
REV. A. W. MANN, Associate Editor,
677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O.
REV. HENRY WINTER, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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More Encouraging.

We learn from the exchanges that the \$30,000 item for the Rome Deaf-mute Institution was not stricken from the supply bill on its final passage by the Senate, and that it is likely to be retained when the bill goes back to the House for concurrence. The news is very gratifying to all the friends of the institution. Last week we published an article from a neighboring paper conveying the idea that there was no prospect of the institution receiving the appropriation of \$30,000 at this session. It now appears that the rumor was incorrect, which we are pleased to correct, and hope the item will pass both branches of the Legislature, and secure the necessary signature of the Governor.

Wants a New Trial.

William French, the deaf-mute of whom mention was made in the JOURNAL a few days ago, was lately tried at Indianapolis. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of forgery, and his prospect in good for a residence at Michigan City for a couple of years. His attorneys moved for a new trial, probably desiring a change of venue. We learn that the court has not yet granted the motion for a new trial, and the inference is that it will not. It is thought by some that the prisoner's former record has not been very good. If there are sufficient reasons for another trial, no doubt the court will grant the motion; if no new evidence is offered in his favor it is reasonable that the judge should deny the motion. If the defendant has had able counsel and a fair trial, there is no reason why his lawyers should be allowed the privilege of going through the farce of a second trial and adding largely to the public expense.

The Pulaski Church Service for the Deaf and Dumb.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET OF HIS WAY CALLS AT MEXICO—REV. A. W. MANN MAKES A CALL—ARRIVAL OF A YOUNG EDITOR.

On Thursday, the third inst., Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet left Rochester, where he had held service for deaf-mutes, accompanied by Rev. A. W. Mann, the missionary to deaf-mutes at the West, to officiate at the Pulaski service for deaf-mutes Friday evening, the fourth. They took the N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad to Syracuse, where they changed for the train on the Syracuse Northern Railroad to Pulaski. Dr. Gallaudet having business in this place, they again changed cars for the first morning train of the Oswego and Rome Railroad, arriving at our house at the usual breakfast time. After a night's travel by three different railroads, and with but little sleep our callers felt a little worse for the wear and tear of the trip, but through the warm welcome which they received from all their Mexico friends, their short visit was enjoyed very much by both themselves and their friends.

While they were visiting at the house of Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, there was another part acted, not down on the programme of the day's doings. Before the conclusion of their visit we had perfect arrangements, and concluded the bargain for taking into our family circle a permanent boarder—in short we have got a young editor.

Wishing to furnish a fair quota of deaf-mutes to attend the Pulaski service, we leased a pair of horses and a three-seated carriage at 4 p. m., and taking Dr. Gallaudet, Rev. Mr. Mann, Mrs. G. J. Chandler, Miss H. A. Avery, Miss Louisa Woodward, Miss Gussie Chandler and Eddie C. Rider, we tightened the ribbons, cracked the whip and headed the vehicle in the direction of Pulaski, ten miles distant. At Mr. Jesse Burdick's we took in Mr. Hiram L. Ball, who is working this season for the third time on Mr. Burdick's farm. We reached Pulaski about six o'clock and took Dr. Gallaudet to the rectory of St. James' Church, where he took tea with Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Foster. The rest of the load called upon and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mathewson. Mrs. Mathewson, who has for a long time been in feeble health was unable to attend the service, but Mr. M. accompanied us to the church, where we met with the following named deaf-mutes: Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jones, and Miss Tillie Nutting, of Richland, and Mr. C. H. Cooper and Mr. C. O. Upham, of Waretown, N. Y. The audience was quite

respectable in numbers, and characterized by more than the average of intelligence, and consisted mostly of ladies. Rev. Mr. Foster, whose pleasant countenance beamed with intelligence, read the usual evening service to the congregation, while Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the same for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. Rev. A. W. Mann read the lesson and made a short address by signs, which Dr. Gallaudet interpreted orally. Dr. Gallaudet addressed a few remarks to the hearing audience in relation to the education of deaf-mutes, and the church work which had been done among them. Rev. Mr. Foster delivered a short address of welcome of the deaf-mutes to his church, and to the use of his books, assuring them also of his willingness to visit them in case of sickness and necessity. A collection was taken up for the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. At the conclusion of the service a few minutes were spent in social chat, when all dispersed for their homes. At about 8 o'clock we started for home, the carriage of Messrs. Jones and wives with whom were Messrs. Upham and Cooper, going before us. We called at the house of Mr. L. N. Jones, and spent an hour in social enjoyment. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann remained over night at Mr. L. N. Jones' and left the next morning for Rome. The remainder of our road reached home at about 12:30 Saturday morning.

Messrs. Cooper and Upham, who had spent the night at Mr. M. A. Jones', took a walk of five miles on Saturday morning, came and made us a short but very pleasant visit of a few hours and left for home by the 6:50 p. m. express. The church services at Pulaski were edifying and instructive, and very much enjoyed especially by the deaf-mutes present, and we think by the hearing audience. Such services occurring in this part of the country quite seldom, are deeply appreciated and what deaf-mutes there are residing near enough to the place of meeting, usually make it a point to try to attend all of them. Deaf-mutes residing in New York and Philadelphia who enjoy religious services every Sunday can hardly realize until they come to be similarly situated how much such occasional services are appreciated by the deaf and dumb of rural portions of the country. But we are thankful that we enjoy even a few such privileges, and trust that the labors of those who come among us from time to time to teach the principles of the Cross, may reap good fruits from their efforts bestowed upon the deaf and dumb. They are doing much for us; let us be wise and profit from their instructions.

Special Reports for the Deaf.

Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand in his letter to the Belleville Convention, after searching his veto of all the little institution papers, took higher ground and entered his protest "also against all papers for the deaf and dumb," which is certainly broad enough to include the JOURNAL. Now we allow every man the right to his own opinion, and take to ourselves the same privilege; yet it is hard to squeeze out the compliment in this sentence of Mr. Van Nostrand's: "An educated deaf-mute should read the papers of the large world in which he lives, and not feed his soul on the gossip and twaddle of a clannish paper." Taken in the abstract it is hard to see to what particular thing this command, in both its affirmative and negative sense, applies. It is hard to understand the little paradox. The ostrich, with its head hidden in the sand, supposes, foolish bird, that its whole body is covered; and the person writing in the dark forgets that a ray of daylight may reveal unsightly scrawls. What paper is there published "in the large world" in which he (the deaf-mute) lives that is not clannish wholly or in part? And again, where do we find "gossip and twaddle" more common than in "the papers of the large world" etc. Of course Mr. Van Nostrand's choice of language is not the finest possible: the expression can be clothed in literary broadcloth and doxikin, but the meaning underneath is the same. It happens to be a twaddling, clannish, gossiping paper for the deaf and dumb that is done up, therefore no gloves are used in the handling. If the deaf are forbidden to read the JOURNAL because in addition to its large miscellaneous collection of the news of the day, and some "glimpses of those great human interests" which Mr. Van Nostrand does not, it contains an interesting summary of the week's doings in the various institutions for the deaf, some persons of general public interest among the deaf, including the announcement that Mr. Van Nostrand has secured the position of instructor of the high class of one of the leading institutions, various announcements of lectures and church services at different points for the instruction and enjoyment of the deaf, reports of how they were conducted, and kindred et cetera. Surely the republican newspaper must be tabooed to the republican, because in its columns republicanism predominates; the republican "clannishness, gossip and twaddle" are not good food for the republican soul; he must look for his reading in that other world of democratic literature. And vice versa with the democrat. The member of a religious sect must eschew the paper of his church because it is clannish, &c., he should forthwith subscribe for the representative of another religion. The man married or having anything to do with life insurance, had better let special on insurance alone; the mysteries of the large world of pig-iron and of its manufacture, will furnish the requisite variety, and raise him superior to the clannishness aforesaid. Therefore take the Iron Age. And so on ad infinitum. Instances multiply; but to what precious nonsense do they lead before they get back to the Van Nostrand law that no deaf-mute should read a paper for the deaf and dumb.

The German takes his Zeitung, and has English prints within reach; the

Irishman can't do without the Pilot, but papers of another kind furnish his additional news. The country resident subscribes for his local paper, revels in its "clannishness," and then quietly turns to his daily of quite different mould. So with the deaf-mute. He does not feed his soul on the delicacies furnished by the deaf-mute press. He has other papers than the JOURNAL, and when he takes it up on its weekly visit, it is with emotions in no way dissimilar to those that are supposed to influence the doctor as he cuts the pages of his Medical Review.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

The indications are favorable that the new workshops of the Illinois Institution will be erected the coming summer.

The dates for the Illinois deaf-mute reunion have been finally fixed on August 24, 3d, 4th and 5th. The programme is promised soon.

WILLIAM CLAYTON, an English deaf-mute, took the prize for modelling in clay at the South Kensington Museum last February.

An English deaf-mute named JOSEPH GAWLEY has attained some prominence as a sculptor, and his work is pronounced admirable by good judges.

The pupils of the Kansas Institution visited Gen. and Mrs. TOM THUMB, who were stopping at Olathe, and were much pleased with the little people.

THE Tablet expects to see the Silent World pop up among the living before long. We admire the hopeful man; but in this case, can't see the possibility.

MR. W. H. HERRICK of the administrative department of the New York Institution, visited the Central New York Institution the other day, while on his way to the metropolis from a refreshing spring vacation in the country.

A DEAF and dumb colored man, who wrote his name as A. W. T. BAKER, was arrested in New York, N. Y., recently, for collecting alms on the false pretense that he was an agent for the Bethany Baptist Church.

MR. H. JAMES, JR., is a good novelist. But when he says: "These things revealed no symptoms of human life; the place looked deaf, dumb, inanimate," we think it is about time for him to visit a deaf-mute institution.

MR. BUCHAN is a deaf-mute cabinet-maker of Millington, Illinois. Recently he made an exquisite book-case, worth \$40, and presented it to a deaf-mute friend of his, a Mr. SAUTER, who has put it in his shoe store and scribbles his gratitude on it every day.

A DEAF-mute who lives in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and is named CARPENTERS, left the New York Institution May 1st, his term being almost out, and on his way home stopped at Rome to visit the institution there. He got asleep on the train en route and was carried to Buffalo before he awoke up. His little nap cost him some five hours and two hundred miles additional travel.

The following appointments of teachers to the Texas Institution have been made: Dr. J. L. Carter, late Principal of the Mississippi Institution; Mr. J. R. Deboys, formerly of the Missouri Inst.; Miss M. M. Bradford, of the Louisiana Inst.; and Mr. Alfred Kearney, a Southern deaf-mute, for several years a pupil of the New York Institution.

WILHELM HACK, an intelligent deaf-mute of Sunny Side, Ind., sends \$1.50 to pay his subscription again this year, and expresses his pleasure in reading a first-class newspaper like the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Mr. Hack is a professional florist by occupation. He informs us that flowers are about forty per cent. cheaper now than they were last year.

MR. J. D. PICKERS, of Peel Tree, W. V., gives us further corrected information that Mr. THOMAS MCCREARY had severed his editorship with the Union Register at Union, West Va., over six years ago, and that he was employed only as a printer since then in the offices of the Kanawha Courier and Chronicle at Charleston. Mr. McCreary is now out of employment, and residing at his father-in-law's in the neighborhood of Mr. Pickers.

EMORY SHOOF, a stone cutter of Delaware, Ohio, is a deaf-mute and doing a very fair business especially for these proverbial hard times. He had a workman who was also a deaf-mute and not content with his wages left his employer, thinking to do better. It is reported that he is in another part of the State and now out of work. Deaf-mutes as well as other people should be cautious in these times about throwing up jobs until they know where they can do better. Stick to your situations, friends, till you are sure of getting larger wages elsewhere.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET, after leaving Albany, spent Monday, (April 30th) with Rev. Mr. SCHULTZ and wife in Utica. The next day he went to Rome, and after attending a quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the Central New York Institution, at 2:30 p. m., reached Rochester about 8 p. m. While in Rochester, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Perkins. He attended a meeting of the Trustees of the Western New York Institution, on Thursday, at 4 p. m., and an exhibition at the institution in the evening. Then, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Mann, whom he met in Rochester, took the night train and arrived here early Friday morning.

THERE is in the Hebrew burial service one prayer, which is not read by the officiating minister, but by the son of the deceased, or in case there be no son, by some orphan in whom the deceased was interested. At the service for the late Baroness Mayer de Rothschild in London, this part of the service was taken by a deaf orphans boy, a pupil in an institution for teaching the deaf to speak. The Baroness was largely instrumental in founding two such schools. He recited the prayer which proclaims "the exaltation of God in that world in which life is to restore the dead to everlasting life," with a very distinct utterance. As he repeated the prayer with the mournful cadence, into which it is said the deaf who are taught to speak naturally fall, this part of a service, always impressive, was most deeply felt in its fervent solemnity.

THE latest bit of fun comes from the West. At the recent legislative visit to the Illinois Institution, Representatives Bibb and Morrison were promenading the spacious halls, when a very handsome young lady was observed seated near by. "Now look here," said Bibb to Morrison, "there is a lady whose eyes are more brilliant than Brazilian diamonds; every parti-

cle of her intelligence seems to be indexed through those magnificent orbs," and he went on to discourse on the wise provision of nature which in equitable ways worked out the great law of compensation.

Just as he finished his pretty speech, the lady indignantly arose and began to move away, when Morrison said: "She's not deaf, nor dumb either." "Yes, she is," said Bibb: "I'll bet she is both."

Morrison was about to take the bet when to the astonishment of poor Bibb the lady turned as she left the hall, and said smilingly, "I am neither." Poor Bibb! The knott hole at his feet was none too small for him to crawl through.

IN our hunt after evidence that the intermarriage of the deaf was a prolific cause of deafness in offspring, which we then and still deny, we thought we made it pretty clear from the statistics gleaned that the percentage of deaf children of deaf parents, in this country, at least, was very small, hardly large enough to scare the timid. And more recently we noticed a lecture delivered by an English barrister, Mr. St. John Ackers, in which the startling announcement was made that deaf-mute marriages must be held responsible for a great proportion of cases of deafness in children. His remarks referred specially, we understood, to his own country, England.

But now we hear from the editor of the English Deaf-Mute Magazine, who has evidently been studying the JOURNAL and got sadly mixed up in our conclusions, for he says that here in America, on American authority, deaf-mute marriages produce deaf-mutes in large numbers, which is just the reverse of what we said, and that in England, his thirty years' experience among the deaf taught him that it is quite the exception for the infirmity to be perpetuated, which, by the way, is exactly the reverse of what Mr. St. John Ackers stated. But to ascertain the truth, he has, in connection with the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, sent out circulars to all who may be likely to possess information on the important subject.

We think when he has secured enough statistics to base an approximate conclusion, he will find that the only mistaken gentleman on his side of the ocean is Mr. Ackers, just as we have found Dr. Peet to be in error here.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, May 13th.

The Psalter for the 13th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Joel II.

2d Lesson—John XVII.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Zephaniah III.

2d Lesson—2 Thessalonians III, to verse 17th.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Sunday after Ascension.

Sunday, May 20th.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Deuteronomy XVI, to verse 18th.

2d Lesson—Acts IV, to verse 36th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XI.

2d Lesson—Acts XIX, to verse 21st.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Whitsunday.

Resolution of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.

At a meeting of the Deaf-mute Society, Wednesday evening, April 25, 1877, a resolution was offered and passed that as the term for which the society's rooms were rented, expired on the first day of May, 1877, the lease be not extended, in order that the society may have a vacation for the summer.

Any one feeling an interest in the elevation of the deaf-mutes and wishing to lecture for their benefit will please communicate with the President of the society, Mr. G. A. Christensen, 105 Bremer St. Chicago, who will procure a hall and notify the mutes of the time and place and other particulars.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, Secretary.

Chicago, May 2, 1877.

Interesting Services.

CONFIRMATION OF FOUR DEAF-MUTES AT ST. LUKE'S CHURCH BY BISHOP COXE—ADDRESSES BY THE BISHOP AND DR. GALLAUDET.

Last evening a very peculiar and very interesting ceremony was performed at St. Luke's church. It was the confirmation of four deaf-mutes by Bishop Cox. Two of the candidates were pupils of the deaf-mute institution in this city. There was quite a large audience in attendance, in which were numbered about seventy mutes. The opening service was interpreted by Rev. Mr. Mann. This gentleman has recently been appointed deacon, and has charge of the deaf-mute churches from Buffalo to Chicago. He knows the service by heart, and is thus enabled to give it to the audience. The discourse of Bishop Cox was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet, of New York. It was a short but very interesting address, in which a strong but deserved eulogy of the senior Gallaudet was given. The Bishop, after referring to the great work that gentleman had accomplished as the founder of institutions for teaching deaf-mutes, spoke of his son, the present Dr. Gallaudet, in the most complimentary manner, showing how he had carried on to perfection that which his noble father had begun and placed in position for development. Now there were forty-five institutions for the instruction of deaf-mutes in the United States. The speaker referred to his visit to the Rochester Institute on St. Paul street in the morning, and expressed his gratification at the remarkable success of its workings. He examined every department and was exceedingly interested. The number of pupils was surprising to him. The school had been established but a short time, and the large and rapidly increasing number of

inmates showed the importance of the work. There must be a large number of deaf-mutes in the State who were not in institutions, and hence the speaker thought the people of Rochester should be deeply interested in an enterprise of such magnitude and importance. It was the duty of the public-spirited citizens to gather in these unfortunate ones and place them where they could receive instruction, and be raised out of their deplorable state as much as was possible. The growth of methods of instruction was remarkable, and presented an interesting field for study. Years ago it was considered a miracle that deaf-mutes could be taught at all, but now mutes could not only be taught to speak by signs but could also, by watching the movements of a person's lips, perceive what words they were saying, and give reply by the voice intelligently. The bishop spoke most eloquently of the miracle performed by the Savior in restoring a mute to speech, saying that when Jesus spoke the word which unlocked the fettered tongue he gave a sigh. This sigh, the speaker said, was the only recorded expression of sadness made by Jesus in the relieving of any deformity, and it was made because he foresaw the many long, dark centuries that must elapse before that particular class of misfortunes could be alleviated and deaf-mutes taught the gospel. "Faith comes by hearing," and hence these unfortunate would be shut out were it not for the long continued exertions and scientific study of Christian men and women.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, May 3, 1877.

Deaf-Mute Service.

INTERESTING EXERCISES AT TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH—CONDUCTED BY A DEAF-MUTE.

Yesterday afternoon an exceedingly interesting service was held in the chapel of Trinity Episcopal Church Sixth avenue, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock pastor. The services were for the special benefit of the deaf-mutes of Pittsburgh and vicinity and were conducted by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Ohio, himself a deaf-mute, but who is conducting a mission among this class of unfortunates in the western States, under direction of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Nearly one hundred deaf-mutes were present, and the novelty of the services attracted quite a number of spectators, included among which was a representative of the CHRONICLE. Shortly after 3 o'clock, Dr. Hitchcock, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Mann, entered the chapel and took seats in the chancel. After private devotions, Dr. Hitchcock came forward and announced that Rev. Mr. Mann was a missionary for the Western States among the deaf and dumb, and was under the direction of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Episcopal Church, whose headquarters were in New York. The reverend gentleman had already established missions in Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and other Western cities. The rector also announced that for the benefit of the hearing, the minister officiating would recite in foreign language the evening service of the Episcopal Church, and those familiar with it could readily follow the reader.

Rev. Mr. Mann took the stand and recited with his hands the Lord's Prayer, and the other prayers prescribed. The Reverend gentlemen is a well-developed man of about forty years of age, full face, with chin whiskers and moustache, and few persons would take him for a mute, judging from appearances. The deaf and dumb occupied the front seats. There was a painful silence, the afflicted having their eyes riveted on the reader, while the hearing watched with evident curiosity, others would try to follow the service with the assistance of a prayer book. While the service was in progress the quiet was broken by the sweet strains of children's voices from a neighboring Sabbath School, and the contrast was so impressive that all who were blessed with hearing showed evidence of thankfulness.

The prescribed services having been concluded the Reverend gentleman then proceeded to the pulpit, and selecting a text preached a sermon in the sign language which delighted the silent Christians as was evident from the gratification expressed on the countenance of each of them.

After the sermon, Mr. Thos. McClurg, a deaf and dumb member of St. Luke's church, South Side, with whom Mr. Mann is stopping while in the city, took up a collection in aid of the work. The minister read the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in the sign language, after which the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

We understand that Rev. Mr. Mann will remain for some days in the city and conduct another service next Monday afternoon. Dr. Gallaudet, son of the founder of the first American institution for deaf-mutes, has a congregation in New York, and although not deaf and dumb himself, conducts the services in the sign language. Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Mr. Mann are the only deaf-mute preachers in the country using the sign language.—Pittsburgh Chronicle, April 23, 1877.

From an experience of four years, I am satisfied that Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup is the best cough remedy used for lung diseases, and for whooping cough and croup there is nothing that I have yet been able to obtain that gives such general satisfaction to those who have used it.

W. GRIFFITZ,

Agent at Glendale, Lewis Co., N. Y.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w.

—The grass is looking splendid.

PALERMO.

During the past four weeks the weather has been very favorable for all kinds of out-door work, and what is of great consequence, the grass is in such a state of forwardness that the lessening hay-mow is not contemplated with so much dread as it otherwise might be.

Oats have been sown under unusually favorable conditions, and they are coming up well; and this crop, started in April, will yield far better than if the sowing is delayed until May.

Potatoes have been put in to a considerable extent. There is no question about the "bug." He is here, and, almost in a literal sense, they are standing on each planted hill waiting for the sprout to part the earth. They can be successfully driven off, or they can be killed; and there is little question but that it will pay to give time to save the crop as soon as it is attacked.

The season is all that can be desired; although the outlook for large prices is not good, there is a fair prospect that we shall have an average year.

Let us make the best of the circumstances in which we are placed, and economize, and patiently wait for the bright summer and the "good time" coming.

Yu No.

Palermo, May 8, 1877.

HASTINGS.

As it has been a long time since I have seen anything in your paper from our little burg, I think I will send you a few items. May flowers, April sunshine and March winds are here together, a "merrie company."

House cleaning proper is nearly ended, and the ladies have time to go after greens.

In the cool, damp woods by the brook-side, blossoms the queenly cowslip, golden flower of the springtime; her broad leaves kissed by the sunshine, and bathed by the dimpling waters. Please notice that this is original poetry after Evangelina, a long ways after, especially the last line.

Lewis Fancher has begun repairs on his house. "Lew" likes to have things about right, and will probably make quite an improvement in the looks of the place.

Martin Benson is improving the appearance of his premises by building a new fence along the highway. Now let's move the toll-gate out of the road, put a fresh coat of paint on our houses, look as bright as we can, and not say anything more about "hard times."

We have a thriving Sunday School, superintended by R. J. Dimon and Frank L. Brown.

Hastings Cheese Factory opened this week. Henry Enos, who has made the cheese here for two years, will continue to carry on the business.

A. B. Rider is Worthy Chief of the Good Templar Lodge; Mrs. Minerva Clute, W. V.

Benjamin Barnes has moved into the toll-gate house. I suppose you know that the old plank road is dead.

May Colwell, who has been quite sick at the residence of her uncle, L. Carley, is getting better.

Miss Allie Amans is visiting friends in Jefferson county. We miss her very much at Sabbath School.

The funeral of Peter Barjoil, of Phoenix, was held at the Protestant church, Tuesday.

Dr. Harlan has resumed his lecture course here. He gives all the isms and sects a rather severe going over, and he appears to be well qualified to judge of their merits, having belonged to several of them. He is especially hard on the doctors, not showing his brethren any partiality; and gives his hearers to understand that they cannot always trust the doctor any more than the priest.

R. H. S.

Hastings, May 5th, 1877.

The Hastings Cheese Factory opened last week, and is ready to take care of all the milk the friends and patrons of the company may feel disposed to deliver. This factory under the present management is a success, and has been run for the last three years to the entire satisfaction of the patrons, and the prices obtained for the cheese are fully up to the market on first class goods, and in some instances ahead of much larger factories. This company guarantees to parties who put their milk into this factory, a first class article of cheese, which will be handled to the very best possible advantage, and every dollar that there is in the product will be got out. Dairymen should not hesitate, but put their milk promptly into the factory, as cheese is firm and wanted at good paying prices, and butter extremely dull with a large stock dragging on the market. This company make no difference in price to manufacture for parties not stockholders.

Election of Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Mexico Fire Department the following officers were elected:

John Wing, Chief.
Frank F. Carpenter, Asst. Chief.
A. J. Hallack, Secretary.
John Berry, Treasurer.

F. Gregory, Foreman Engine.
W. A. Robbins, Asst. Foreman.
J. Sherman, Foreman Hose.
H. C. Ames, Foreman Hook and Ladder.

—Rev. A. L. York, for the past two years pastor of the M. E. church here, and now Presiding Elder for this district, will remove his family to Mexico. We regret to have Mr. York and his family leave Camden, but what Camden wishes loses Mexico gains, and the best wishes of many friends will follow them to their new home.—Camden Advance.

—Cool but beautiful weather.

Here and There.

—We regret to learn that Miss Josie Smith is quite ill.

—Lewis Miller has been laying a new walk in front of his carriage shop.

—The Sunday School at the Stone Quarry was reorganized last Sunday.

—Coal is now as low in price as it will probably be at any time this year.

—The sewing machine patents expired on Tuesday. Now for cheap machines.

—Two hundred dollars on \$1,000 is the rate of reduction in the Oswego Custom house salaries.

—Perry Hardy's store at Port Ontario was broken into and robbed of \$200 worth of goods Wednesday night.

—It is suggested that one or two of the mowers in our churches, whose boots speak too loud, should wear slippers.

—We are glad to learn that John Burroughs' family have arrived here, where they intend to reside hereafter.

—G. G. French, Esq., is having a tin roof placed upon his house. T. G. Brown, of this village, has the contract.

—J. A. Riskard is having his house repaired and improved. Morris Brown and Jay Ingenfelter are doing the work.

—Heigster is in Oswego, and challenges any one to wrestle with him, Graeco-Roman style, for from \$200 to \$500.

—The trial of George Bach, for murder, comes on at Pulaski, May 14. Hon. S. C. Huntington appears for the prisoner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Service for Deaf-Mutes at Potsdam, N. Y.

TRINITY CHURCH RECTORY, POTSDAM, N. Y., May 7, '77.
The next service for deaf-mutes will be held, God willing, in Trinity Church, Potsdam, on Wednesday, May 23d, and Thursday, May 24th.
The services are as follows:
Wednesday Evening; services, and addresses by several of the clergy, at 7:30 o'clock.
Thursday Morning; Holy Communion at 8:30 o'clock.

Archdeacon PENNELL will be present to interpret the services, and address in the sign-language.
Please send word that you will attend these services to:

REV. H. R. HOWARD,
Potsdam, N. Y.

Confirmation at St. Ann's Church.

The attendance at St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church on Eighteenth St., near Fifth Avenue, New York, on Confirmation day, April 23d, was so large that even with the aid of the gallery, the entire audience could not be seated. The day was fine and beautiful, but the dust was blown about in clouds. The "deaf and dumb brigade" from the N. Y. Institution arrived early and took seats on the right near the platform. Soon the church was completely filled.

While Mr. Samuel E. Brewer was being baptized, the venerable Bishop Potter entered and passed into the vestry room to don his sacerdotal gown. Dr. Gallaudet went to the vestry room, and in a few minutes the venerable bishop came out and with solemn steps proceeded to the pulpit closely followed by Dr. G. At this moment the scene presented a solemn appearance; the entire audience rising and the bishop offering grace which was interpreted by Dr. G. Later the Sunday School choir, led by Rev. E. H. Krane, came in singing, and slowly marched up the center aisle and stood around the platform for some time, and then took seats in some of the front pews which had been reserved for them.

Dr. Gallaudet then called those forward who were to be confirmed, and that rite was administered to them.

After the collection, the bishop made the following address:

"Every one knows that we must be content and pause before we cross the river, and prepare ourselves for entering the land beyond. It seems that from the time we enter the little wicket gate our lives should be a constant preparation. Jesus Christ secured our redemption; but it is for us to say what that redemption shall bring us and where our future home shall be. It is true that we should strive to gain the glorious heaven by our prayers, cultivation, the practice of goodness and right living. Under the law man must stand aloof from God, but under the New Testament dispensation God comes to us. The spirit of the law is like that which was revealed on Sinai—'Stand aloof; don't touch.' But Christ says—'Come to the throne, come boldly, not crouching like the Eastern subject, and find mercy.' The Master's invitation and the essence of the Gospel is: 'Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

"Looking into the Bible we find in the vi chapter of Hebrews, the first and second verses, the following which was spoken by St. Paul:

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God. Of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment."

"We know the 'laying on of hands' means 'confirmation,' and when we learn that Peter and John confirmed the baptized Samaritans, we understand that they laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Spirit, and that act is the same with our bishops. These Samaritans had been baptized by St. Philip, a deacon; but a deacon has no power to confirm a person. In Acts VIII, 14:17, can be found the following, which explain the confirmation of the Samaritans:

"Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John."

"* * * Then laid their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." "You as a class of deaf-mutes have received the word of God, and when we see that the Samaritans humbly received the Holy spirit, we say—"

Return, O wanderer, now return, And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn Were kindled by His grace.

"Receive the Holy Ghost and return to your Father, and abandon all that is your temptation on earth, and verily we will be on the right road if we call on Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, to assist us in our work with the seven gifts which the Holy Spirit gives us in confirmation, viz., wisdom, understanding, counsel, ghostly strength, knowledge, true godliness and holy fear, we will be able to step down to the steep shores of the river, but the waters will not overflow, for we know the Redeemer will come to meet us and we will not shrink from meeting Him, the covenant-keeping Christ, who has assured us of salvation through His blood."

"We can only be confirmed once, because confirmation leaves a mark upon the soul, which is called 'the seal of the Lord,' and to assure ourselves of the existence of this seal, we find this in the first chapter of Ephesians, thirteenth verse—"

"In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after

that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

"And this mark will remain forever. But alas! there are many who undertake the difficult task of being confirmed while laboring under a great burden of temptation, and the only addition to the holy rite is shame and punishment, and they will hear the verdict, 'Thou fool,' and he who ruleth heaven and earth, sees thy mirth, and the cry will be 'Thou fool.' But the general understanding is what we find in Proverbs XII, 15: 'The way of a fool is right in his own eyes.' The fool is the man who breaks the will of God after being confirmed, and is it not a pity to see such fools?"

Following are the names of the deaf-mutes confirmed: Misses Elizabeth Streiner, Catharine Streiner, Eliza A. Hodder, Louisa Ann Warts, Elizabeth Fischell, Mrs. Hattie Redman, Catharine Kearnes, Ellen Hogan, Mrs. Christine Heinzman, Messrs. B. Clarke, Geo. J. Burrucker, Samuel E. Brewer, John Striker.

CONFIRMATION.

New York, April 23d, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner's Mission at South Weymouth, Mass.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, Mass., Apr., 27, '77.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Truly do I wish you could have taken a peep at the warm welcome I received from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Derby and their son Ira H. last night, after the sun had set in full splendor, and also at what pleasure it gave me to meet Mrs. Derby again after a separation of more than forty years, during most of which time I was in Virginia. I found her so much changed that I do not think I should have recognized her if I had passed by her in the road, though her eyes looked natural to me. She gave me a good supper which I enjoyed very much.

After tea, it being a very beautiful moonlight, I walked about a mile with Ira H. Derby to see the grave of my old classmate, Ira Derby. While I was standing at his resting place, I thought about the many happy school days which I spent with him at the Hartford Deaf-mute Asylum. I could not help feeling affected at the idea that he was so suddenly cut off in the vigor of his manhood, not merely because he was one of the smartest pupils that the asylum could boast of, but also because he was going to marry a beautiful and intelligent deaf-mute lady, a graduate of the New York Institution, to whom he was engaged, and with whom he anticipated, with delight, a happy home. I left the grave with my hat in hand as a token of my unceasing affection and respect for him, as a friend and classmate. The moon was shining beautifully upon his grave and it made me think how uncertain is life.

We returned to Mr. Derby's house very late in the evening, much pleased with our pilgrimage to the place where poor Ira sleeps. At the head of the grave stands a white marble tombstone, on which is inscribed, "In memory of Ira Derby, aged 28 years and 8 months, who was a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford from 1834 to 1840 and who was killed by an engine while walking on the track of the old Colony railroad, Sept. 6, 1852." The readers of the JOURNAL, when they read of his untimely end, should make up their minds at once never to walk on any railroad. Never shall I forget several warm deaf-mute friends who have lost their valuable lives in this way. Often do I feel vexed when I think of their accidental end.

At the request of the family I conducted private prayer with them. I read and explained the third verse of the twentieth chapter of Ezekiel, "Son of man, speak unto the elders of Israel, and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God, are ye come to inquire of me? As I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be inquired of by you." I illustrated some examples of that verse, one of which I desire to write down for the JOURNAL. We should understand thoroughly, what God has done, said, and promised, to which we should submit with solemn silence, without inquiring of him of his future intentions. After family worship we all retired to rest.

Mr. Wilson Derby, a graduate of the Hartford Asylum, is pleasantly situated on a twenty-two-acre farm consisting of woodland, garden and pasture. He has a good shoe shop of his own adjoining his comfortable house which he has bought and paid for with his own hands, and which he is and has been occupying for thirty-one years. He is one of the most industrious and respectable deaf-mutes that I ever met with. Happy do I feel to find that he is so highly esteemed by his neighbors and friends, for his industry and integrity.

Mrs. Eliza A. Derby, formerly Miss Eliza Stubbs, of Wellfleet, Cape Cod, a graduate of the Asylum, was joined to Mr. Derby in matrimony, April 18, 1844.

Mr. and Mrs. Derby have two deaf-mute children; a son and a daughter, both alumni of the Hartford Asylum.

Their son, named Ira H. after his uncle alluded to, is living with his parents to support them in their old age. What a dutiful child he is to them. He has a very pleasant personal appearance, and must be liked by the young ladies. He is a young man of steady industry, and correct behavior. His sister, Mrs. Olive A. Beers, formerly Miss Olive A. Derby, of South Weymouth, now resides in Bridgeport, Conn., with Mr. Robert D. Beers, a graduate of the Hartford Asylum, who sometimes conducts services in Boston for Dr. Gallaudet.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers have a four-year-old son who enjoys all the faculties in perfection.

I am going to Elmwood to-day, thence to Natick, and thence to Winchester tomorrow, where I am to resume my duties on Sunday.

JOE TURNER.

Oregon Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will now finish the description of Oregon. Rails are chiefly split from the fir trees for fencing on the farms. Fire-places are everywhere in the country houses. The exports are lumber, wheat, flour, barley, fruits, horned cattle, horses, sheep, hides, wool, furs and fish. Steamboats are running up and down the Willamette river, and also up and down the Columbia river, and some tributaries. Regular trips of vessels are made to the Sandwich Islands, China, and other points of the Orient.

FLAX-CULTURE.—As yet the cultivation of flax has not received much attention from the farming community. Statistics show that only one county in the State has engaged in this enterprise. Last year Marion county raised nearly five thousand bushels of flax-seed, and found a ready market for it. Flax grows well, and is cultivated principally for the seed; the lint has been tested by sending to Europe, and is pronounced superior, samples having been returned after working. The seed sown here yields 2½ gallons of oil to the bushel. Establishments are now being erected for the manufacture of the lint. One line-seed mill run by water, with a capacity of 125,000 gallons annually (the only oil mill in the State).

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.—They are not yet developed, and here a good field is offered to enterprise and capital. All the requirements are found in abundance, and even the streams furnish whatever water power may be required, as they are running swiftly, and have a large fall, coming from the snow melting on the mountain ranges. The Willamette river has power enough alone to run as many mills as New England contains. There are six woolen mills in the State, though but two are steadily running. One, the first built in the State, was destroyed recently by fire, involving a loss of one hundred thousand dollars. It will probably be rebuilt soon. There are also many varieties of manufactures.

FISHERIES.—The Columbia river is noted for its fine salmon. It is estimated that one thousand small boats will be used in the fishing business on the Lower Columbia this year, aside from several steamers. Truly this fishing business is already assuming vast proportions, and will be a never-ending source of wealth to Oregon, provided the proper restrictions are put in force. The mountain streams are full of fine trout.

MINERALS.—Iron, lead and coal are found in various parts of the State in large quantities. Gold and silver are also found in this country. The new mines of silver ores are pushing the work at Esther, Luck Queen and Capital mines. Many shares of these organizations have been invested. The only smelting works for the manufacture of iron within the State is at Oswego, in Multnomah county, six miles south of Portland, on the north bank of the Willamette, where they are making a very superior quality of iron.

GAME.—Elk, deer, black and grizzly bear, Oregon cougar or California lion, with numerous small game, and swan, geese, ducks, grouse, pheasants and quail are the principal game of the coast. Of large game, the deer only frequent the inhabited portions of the country.

LABOR.—Common laborers get \$2, and mechanics \$3.50 to \$5 per day; farm hands \$30 per month. There is a scarcity of employment for the white people in the cities, especially while Chinamen are yet employed.

The writer notes two of the principal towns in the Willamette valley.

SALEM.—the capital city of the State, is situated on the east bank of the Willamette river, and on the line of the Oregon & California Railroad, 50 miles south, and 14 miles west of Portland, and about 50 miles on an air line from the ocean. The city is built upon a beautiful prairie, having a gentle incline to the river. This prairie is frequently interspersed with a second growth of fir, oak and maple trees, and nearly all the streets are lined with a fine growth of maples. A State capital building is in course of construction, built of brick and iron, is all enclosed, and a portion of the building ready for occupancy; will cost, when completed, about \$500,000, gold coin. The State penitentiary is also located here, is a large, commodious structure, built of iron and brick. There are five or six common school buildings, built of wood, in which are maintained, by tax, free schools the entire year. One merchant flouring mill, run by water, with a capacity of 800 bbls. of flour in 24 hours. One large lumbering mill, capacity of 25,000 feet per day; two saw and door factories; one furniture factory, and one chair factory; one foundry and two machine shops; one plow factory; two wagon shops. Mostly run by water. There are two large hotels, built of brick; ten churches, owned by as many denominations; one opera house, one banking house, two grain elevators. The city is lighted with gas, and has water works with 90 feet elevation. There are two daily and three weekly newspapers, one monthly magazine, and two job printing establishments independent of the newspaper offices. Lots are worth from \$300 to \$1000 for residences, and \$1000 to \$3000 for business purposes.

ALBANY.—the county seat of Linn county—is located on the east bank of the Willamette river, and on the west side of Albany Prairie. This prairie is the largest in the Willamette valley, and gives a good impetus to the growth of Albany. There is a fine water power made by a canal bringing water from the Santiam river, a distance of about 15 miles, and emptied into the Willamette at this point. This town is destined to be the third town in the State. Two printing offices supply the demand, viz.: The State Rights Democrat and the Albany Register. The former Democratic and the latter Republican, in politics.

Here the writer will give a few more items about the State.

Mild climate. No excessive cold or oppressive heat. Average temperature in summer, 67°, winter, 39°.

Death-rate lower in Oregon than in any other State, East or West. Abundance of good and cheap Government, railroad, and private land in Oregon. No land monopolies, as in California.

Oregon has every advantage enjoyed in civilized countries. Liberal laws, good schools, moderate taxes, only nominal State debt.

Eighteen thousand persons emigrated in 1876 from the Eastern and Western States to Oregon. A large number of emigrants are coming in every steamer this spring. There is room, and Oregon wants people.

The most expeditious route to Oregon is by rail to San Francisco, Cal., thence to Portland, Oregon, by the direct steam-line, sailing every Saturday.

Pamphlets, with maps and full descriptions of Oregon, and all needed advice and assistance may be had free of charge, also certificates for reduced rates from San Francisco to Portland, and on all the railroads in Oregon, on application to the Eastern Office, Oregon State Board of Immigration, Room No. 8 Transcript Building, Massachusetts.

J. D. B.

Salem, Or., April 21, 1877.

Mr. Packard's Lecture.

DOMESTIC CUSTOMS AND HABITS.

The third lecture of a course on Biblical Antiquities was delivered at the rooms of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, last night by P. W. Packard.

He selected his subject on "Domestic Customs and Habits" which he divided into three sections, viz.: The marriage relation; of the relation between parents and children; and of slaves. He spoke how generally early the Jewish marriage has been, and how much more it was considered respectable and praiseworthy to attend to the duty while young.

How they purchase a woman with money, and how sometimes a wife was given as a reward of bravery, in contrast with our present custom. Also how common it was for a father to choose wives for his sons, and a husband for his daughter. The lecturer described the wedding custom which frequently lasted seven days. When the time of marriage arrived, the bride prepared herself and was adorned by her attendants with all the elegance which the taste of the times rendered fashionable, and to complete her joyful appearance, the bridal crown was placed upon her head. The bridegroom presented himself at her father's house attended with a number of young men for companions. He and his companions entertained themselves in various ways in one part of the house while the bride was engaged with a like company of young female friends in another. On the last day the bride was conducted to the house of the bridegroom's father. The procession generally moves off in the evening with much pomp and ceremony. The bridegroom was richly clothed with a marriage robe and crown, and the bride was covered with a veil from head to foot. The companions of each attended them with songs and the music of instruments, while the virgins were all provided with veils. The way as they went along was lighted with numerous torches. In the meantime another company was waiting at the bridegroom's house ready at the first notice of their approach to go forth to meet them. They then joined themselves to the marriage train and the whole party moved forward to the house, and there an entertainment was provided for their reception, and the evening was spent in supper and social merriment.

The lecturer went on to say that in modern times the Jews have a regular formal marriage rite. The parties stand under a canopy, each covered with a black veil. Some solemn person takes a cup of wine, pronounces a short blessing, and lets each of the couple taste it. The bridegroom puts a ring on the bride's finger saying, "By this ring thou art my spouse, according to the custom of Moses and the children of Israel." The marriage contract is then read and given to the bride's relations. Another cup of wine is brought and blessed six times when the married couple taste it and pour the rest out in token of cheerfulness, and to conclude all, the husband dashes the cup itself against the wall and breaks it to pieces in memory of the sad destruction of their once glorious Temple.

Mr. Packard spoke of spiritual marriage, polygamy, and divorce, and of the other sections with much interest and instruction, but I cannot here give you details as it would take too much space in your paper.

Mr. Packard gave a lecture in Lowell last Saturday, on "Honesty," and preached on the next day. He goes there again next Saturday by special call.

His fourth lecture in Salem will take place May 3d.

PRESIDENT.

The Facts in the Case.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 30, 1877.
Last Saturday night I returned to this city after a splendid mission of over a week, and shall go away on another mission this afternoon or to-morrow morning.

I avail myself of a few moments' leisure to tell your readers something important in this letter.

Some weeks ago an article appeared in the JOURNAL over the signature of "Justice," expressing very kind sentiments towards myself, but reflecting on some gentlemen composing the Boston Society. In justice to my deaf-mute friends of Boston, to whom I am under great obligations for many kind acts, I would say that the only reason I have not officiated in that city is that my engagements in other places have not permitted my so doing.

Let me assure my kind friend who has been informed to the contrary, that I have met with no opposition anywhere in the performance of the Lord's work. I will take this opportunity to thank my friends in all the places where I have been called to conduct service for their hearty co-operation and support, the recollection of which shall never fade from the most grateful memory of their and your faithful friend,

JOE TURNER.

New York Institution Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Those of your readers who have missed me will, I hope, pardon me for not keeping them better informed about the occurrences at our institution. The best excuse I have is that news is scarce, and I will do better in future.

The weather has been quite unstable lately. In the latter part of the departed month we had half a dozen uncomfortably warm days, that raised quite a crop of straw hats and summer clothing. But perhaps "Old Prob," thought it best that we should not have too much of a good thing, for he sent us a spell of cold weather, that keeps us shivering, and has withered the greater part of the straw hats, &c., like a crop of premature mushrooms.

In school everybody is busy preparing for examination, which will take place on the last two weeks of the term. Everything goes on satisfactorily, and from this standpoint one cannot see anything auguring unfavorably for as brilliant an examination as there was last year.

Dr. S. D. Brooks, our former superintendent, made a short visit last week. We had not seen him since he left us some five years ago. He is much as he appeared then, only his hair is a little grayer, and the hollows in his cheeks have plumped out and from being quite thin he has become rather stout. He has a good memory and recognized most of those who formerly enjoyed his care.

On Thursday, the 26th ult., a stereoscopic and pantomimic entertainment was given in our chapel to raise the wherewithal to defray the running expenses of our stereopticon. Some money was realized.

Last Saturday, the 28th ult., there was a debate at the Fanwood Literary Association, on the question, "Which is the better source of knowledge, reading or observation?" Messrs. Cotman and McBride supporting reading, and Andrews and Heydon, observation. The debate was quite interesting, and the debaters made some good points. When the question was put, the result was 68 votes for reading and 71 for observation—not much for observers to crow over. It had been intended to have a couple of debaters from the Manhattan Literary Association meet two debaters of ours on our platform in a contest of logic; but owing to circumstances unforeseen, we were obliged to forego that pleasure, and the above question was debated instead.

Last Thursday afternoon the High Class boys and girls enjoyed a visit to the Manhattan Iron Works, which are about a mile from the institution. It was not exactly a pleasure trip, for the main object in view was to learn how iron ore is converted into pig iron. It had been their intention to go in the H. C. boat, but it was thought to be so rough that the girls could not go that way, so only part of the boys went in the boat and the rest walked down by the boulevard with the girls. They got there about 4 p. m., just in time to see a furnace emptied of its molten iron. It was a fine sight to see the liquid metal run sparkling and hissing through the trench into the moulds, of a bright cherry red, and so hot that we could scarcely stand within six feet of it. All the time the iron was flowing, a white flame so bright that one could not look at it without dazzling his eyes, played around the narrow opening at the bottom of the furnace, where the iron came through and a rain of bursting stars brighter than any Independence Day fireworks, were thrown off in dazzling showers. After seeing the moulds filled, the class went over the foundry, and after satisfying their curiosity set out on their return. They had a very pleasant time on the way back, and arrived home in good time for supper.

By the way, permit me to say a word or two in regard to an item furnished by a correspondent of yours, who calls himself "Hodd Pellow," but who, I suspect, is no other than the notorious "Civie," later "Agrippa" or "Lyttton Bulver." Speaking of Mr. Jackson, a graduate of this institution and now in the National Deaf-mute College, this fellow, while pretending to puff him in a friendly way, tries to make your readers think that he is a sort of dunce who barely manages to hold his own at College, and by some lucky chance obtained the gold medal here last June. Well, one knowing the facts of the case insensibly thinks of the story in the Bible of Joab and Abner. How Joab took Abner by the beard, kissed him and said, How art thou, my brother, and stabbed him under the fifth rib. I do not wish to be invidious, but I cannot do justice to Mr. Jackson by saying that he won the gold medal honorably and fairly, and that the reason why he did not go into a higher class at Washington was because he had never prepared the studies of our High Class being vastly different from those pursued there at College.

If he had intended to enter College when he left here, he might have done much better, having time to prepare; as it was, however, it was an after thought. Hodd Pellow had better mind his own business and not indulge in personalities. The Hudsons expect to play a game with the Jaspers, their hereditary rivals, to-morrow afternoon.

MILQ.

New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, May 9th, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at Sea.

STEAMSHIP FOREST CITY, ATLANTIC OCEAN, May 1, '77.

DEAR JOURNAL:—We are now on board this staunch steamship, which is rolling so much that we cannot stand erect. There are a good many passengers on board, some of whom must be bound for Canada, judging by their appearance.

Last Monday afternoon I left my headquarters at Worcester, and stopped at Natick not only to call and see my good deaf-mute friend, Mr. Osgood, but also to have some flowering plants, etc., sent as a present to the Virginia Institution, which is so dear to me that I cannot forget it, because I began to grow up with it in 1839. While I was there, I received a telegram from Boston, requesting me to attend the funeral of my nephew, which I did yesterday afternoon at half past one. He died at Columbus, Ga., suddenly, of pneumonia, while he was collecting money for some of the Boston banks. They had implicit confidence in him, though he was very young. He leaves a charming wife and two interesting children to mourn his untimely end. Before leaving Natick the next morning, the florist with whom I stopped over night, made me a present of a very beautiful mourning wreath, which I had placed on the corpse as a tribute of my love. There were many other beautiful wreaths, &c.

After the funeral, I left Boston at 7 o'clock. I shall go to Gray, Me., at 12:35 p. m., to rest three days before I go on another arduous mission for two or three weeks. I trust God will prosper the work in my hands, as I have placed myself under his protection and direction. I shall take advantage of my stay at Gray to prepare the address which I shall deliver at Hocksett, N. H., on the 12th of May. That will be my first public address, though I have addressed several deaf-mute meetings.

I shall have a nice home with my old classmate, Mr. Hiram P. Hunt till Saturday, the 5th inst. I shall officiate in Saco, Maine, next Sunday. On Monday I shall go on to Worcester, to meet and hear Dr. Gallaudet. I hope the meeting will be a success.

Yours sincerely,
JOE TURNER.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, May 5, 1877.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—The unprecedented labors of the great revivalists, Moody and Sankey, have nominally closed, and the great Tabernacle stands as a monument of the good work accomplished.

It is neither possible nor profitable to attempt to reckon the full results of these services, or to estimate the number of persons who have been led by them to enter upon higher courses of living. Those who have watched the meetings from the start, and have had the best opportunity for determining their results, estimate the number of converts at many hundreds; and the large accessions to the churches at recent communions, and the number of present applications for church membership indicate the correctness of the estimate. The evangelists themselves are more than satisfied with the results of the meetings, and express the most profound gratitude for a success which they would be the last to ascribe to any human instrumentality. Two things may be definitely stated, and they must be nearly as apparent to those who contemplate the matter from the outside as to those who look at it from within.

In the first place, the revival movement has not been a failure. The remarkable reformations which have been made among the intemperate; the transformation of character among business men, and others who are well up in the social scale; the degree of interest which has been communicated to representatives of nearly all classes of society, and which has extended over a large portion of New England; and the quickened activities of the churches,—these, and other facts which might be cited, attest the genuineness and thoroughness of the work which has been done. If the estimate which the Savior of men placed upon a single soul—making it of greater value than the whole world—be accepted, surely the hundreds who have been brought to a knowledge of salvation through these Tabernacle meetings, constitute abundant recompense for all the expenditure of time, labor and money.

In the second place, the revival movement is not ended. It did not begin with the Tabernacle meetings; there is no reason to expect that it will end with them. It has not been the theory, either of the evangelists or the churches, that the revival was dependent upon the movements of the former, to come with their coming and go with their going. In Chicago, for example, the religious work which began in connection with their meetings has been continued without interruption in their absence, and the winter has been one of earnest activity and great fruitfulness in the churches. Similar results may be looked for here. The new converts add to the working power of the churches; the churches are stimulated to fresh exertions, there is a remarkable quickening of religious interest among business men; and the plans which are being made look to a long campaign, the omens for which are auspicious, and the results of which will very probably exceed what has already been witnessed.

The financial wants of the Tabernacle, were abundantly provided for previous to the departure of Mr. Moody, and a sum sufficient to retain the building for religious and temperance meetings for a time longer, fully guaranteed.

THE WEATHER.

Deserves a good scolding for its coquettishness—shifting with every wind,—and literally joining December and May. This wet, cold, blue-noon weather kills business, is a terror to spring bonnets and other feminine fancies, and needs a

thorough reformation. We hope Old Sol will soon assert his power, and equalize the matter.
P. S. The aforesaid Sol took possession this A. M.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Are much exercised over the long continued session of our Legislature. The wise men under the dome are loth to go home until "daylight doth appear." With the prohibitory law squelched, the Tunnel question unsettled, and several financial schemes unadjusted, the members have not yet agreed to rise. The papers pitch into the crowd with much force.

DOGS.

In view of the increase of hydrophobia all over the country, legislation on the liberties of canines has been quite general. In Massachusetts, much froth has been expended by the law makers, but nothing terrible has been decided on, except to muzzle the dogs, or kill them when not muzzled. In New York State a decree has gone forth that all dogs running at large shall be captured and killed, unless they are attached to a person by a chain or a string four feet long. This puts the men and women in a position of undoubted dignity and importance, but it is humiliating to the dog! It is a privilege to lead a dog, to follow all the intricate windings of his ways, to pause for him to scrape acquaintance with other dogs, and ascertain what brand of perfume they use, and attend his steps while he takes his necessary exercise. But it must be a terrible annoyance to a dog to be thus watched and waited upon, and it is not unnatural he should get mad.

THE TELEPHONE.

The newly discovered instrument by which sound is conveyed, enabling persons long distances apart to converse understandingly, is among the marvelous discoveries of this marvelous age. I attended a lecture last evening given by Prof. Bell, the inventor of the system, which was illustrated by practical use. The Professor gave directions by telephone to his assistant in Somerville for the production of some music, which was responded to by the air "The Lord is my Shepherd," and several other familiar pieces, all of which were distinctly heard by the audience, though quite faint. The assistant operator at Providence, R. I., also sang a piece, which was heard and much enjoyed by the audience in Music Hall. Prof. Bell is very proud of his invention, as well he may be.

YANKEE.

PARISH.

Maples & Row have opened a grocery store in the Slawson block.
Hudson Wightman has a meat market in the Richards block.

The Post Office has been removed from the Mosher block to the Taylor block.

Groo's cooper shop near the depot caught fire from sparks from an engine last Wednesday p. m., and burned down.

Mr. C. D. Peck, historian for the town of Mexico, was here last week, gathering up the early history of the Colosse Baptist Church. As that church was formed in Parish and its early history and perhaps an important part of it belongs to Parish, it was thought best to incorporate the whole of the history with Parish, inasmuch as Parish has but little church history aside from this, while Mexico has much. Reference will be made in the history of Mexico to this history. Mr. Peck, we believe, will be an excellent historian. Rev. G. Barnes, the first resident of this Parish and the first pastor of this church, will be conspicuous in both histories.

The Teachers' Association for this District will be held on Friday, May 18, 1877, in this place. It is held on Friday to accommodate many who observe Saturday as their Sabbath. Certainly these teachers should be accommodated.

ODD.

Parish, May 7, 1877.

NORFOLK VOLNEY.

The Sabbath School at this place has just been reorganized with L. N. Holden superintendent.

Our district school commences its summer term to-day. It is taught by Miss Ida Griffin, this being her second term of teaching here. She will receive encouragement from her many friends.

Mr. F. W. Squires has rented the grocery of H. Bowen, and has just put in about \$4,000 worth of choice groceries, &c. We hope the Volneyites can congratulate themselves on having a store where rules of decorum are observed and where obscene and vulgar profanity will not be tolerated.

We think this town is a little ahead on the blue glass question. It is said that there is a man in this vicinity who has hung a blue glass in his window to break himself of the habit of getting mad. At least this was the version of one of his good-natured neighbors. We hope a perfect cure will be the result, removing all suspicions of such painful reflections in the future.

EVIL.

She Couldn't Do It.

Yesterday morning when the mistress of an Edmund street residence proposed that one of the hired help polish the front windows, Sarah replied that she couldn't possibly think of it. The lady demanded an explanation, and the girl said: "I'd have been willing enough a month ago, but you see my Johnny is now driving a car on this line and he'd see me."

"Suppose he should?" queried the lady. "I wouldn't have him for the world, ma'am, for he's been here two or three times, and he thinks I am you and you are me. If he saw me rubbing the glass he'd know I didn't own the house, and there'd be an end to our match. Please, ma'am, you go out, or else let me clean the windows by moonlight!"

Hints on Starting Early Plants.

A writer on gardening gives the following hints on starting early seeds, such as tomatoes, squashes, melons, and the like:—"It is desirable in transplanting not to check growth by disturbing the roots. A good way to avoid this is scrape out turnips, fill them with good soil, and plant in two or three seeds, setting them in a warm light place, and keeping them moist. When the weather is suitable, place these out in the garden at the proper depth. The turnip will decay, and the plant will thrive unchecked if properly cared for. Do not use potatoes in place of turnips. Another method is to get squares of sod, say six inches wide from good, mellow soil, turn them bottom up, and put seeds as squash, melon or sweet corn, and treat them in the same way, not putting out till the weather is quite warm, and then protecting against bugs. For more delicate plants, flowers, etc., make little square paper boxes out of thin writing paper or thick newspaper, merely folding them at the corner as you would the covering in a book, and tacking them with a needle and thread; make them about three inches square and two deep. Fill with good soil; start the seeds and put them out at a proper time, boxes and all, without disturbing the roots. If you fear the paper is too strong for the roots to penetrate, cut carefully on the bottom of the box the shape of a cross and all will be well."

Teachers' Associations.

The teachers of the Third Commissioner's District, will hold their next Association at Pulaski, May 12. All are requested to be present, as there is business of general importance to be transacted.

PROGRAMME:

- 9:30. Reading—Miss Rosa Morgan.
- 10:30. Arithmetic—Mr. G. W. Hawley.
- 11:15. Recess.
- 11:25. Recitation—Miss Jennie Frary.
- 11:35. School Organization—Com. Ladd.
- 12. Recess.
- 1:15. Grammar—Mr. B. Wallace.
- 1:45. Geography—Prof. Stowell.
- 2:30. Recess.
- 2:40. Essay—Miss C. Graves.
- 3. Civil Government—Prof. Massee.
- 3:45. Recitation—Miss Alta Malthy.
- 4. Miscellaneous Business.

O. H. GURLEY,
CLARA H. WOODBURY,
Secretaries.

The next District Association for the 2d Commissioner's District will be held at Parish, on Friday, May 18th.

The methods of teaching the different branches will be thoroughly discussed by the members of the Association, the Commissioner selecting some person to open each discussion. Also we shall expect an essay from Miss Mary Chesboro, on oration by Melzar Richard; an Exercise in Civil Government, (written questions), by Melvin Allover; a Class Exercise in Reading, by Riley Allover, and the reading of the Teacher's Paper by Miss Graves, Editors.

The full programme will be announced at the opening of the Association. I would say to the teachers of the 2d District that I shall expect to see you all at Parish, on the 18th day of May, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Do not think of making any excuses, but remember, that in order to have successful Associations, a majority of the teachers must be present.

F. H. BERRY,
Com., 2d Dist., Oswego Co.
West Amboy, May 1, 1877.

A cotemporary tells young ladies how to arrange their hair in a fashionable style. "Let it all down," it says, "and comb it out. Then go up on the roof and stand still while the wind plays (whatever is appropriate) with it. Then catch up the back with a bow of ribbon, and let the front stay as it is."

It is time to fumble in the cupboards for spilled packages of flower seeds.

An exchange has it that: "Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick, two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the Gospel, and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers."

A Fit Monument to the Late Judge Skinner.

The Oswego Palladium says: Mr. A. Saladin, of this city, has just finished and shipped a monument to the late Judge Avery Skinner, which will be erected in the little cemetery at Union Square, Oswego county, where lie the remains of the late Judge, than whom no citizen of the county was better known or more respected. It is a handsome shaft of St. Johnsbury granite, and is very symmetrical and beautifully finished. The lower block is four feet square, and the die is formed of heavy projecting gothic moldings running into an octagon. The total height is seventeen feet and its weight seven tons. The family name "Skinner," is inscribed on the base. It is a plain, solid and enduring shaft—such an one as a man of Judge Skinner's character would have chosen. The St. Johnsbury granite is a beautiful gray stone, and taking the material, design and workmanship all into account, there probably is not a finer monument in Oswego county.

NEW HAVEN.

Saturday evening as James Galligher's team was coming down the hill near S. O. Willmarth's with a load of wood, something about the harness gave away, and the team ran down the hill and off the bank on the south side of the road, near the bridge, piling horses, wagon, wood, and boy in a heap, but injuring neither boy nor horses.

The funeral services of Richard Jerritt will be held at the M. E. Church Tuesday, at 2 P. M., services to be conducted by Rev. E. A. Wilson. The Congregational Sabbath School gave a review Concert last evening, conducted by Mrs. Olney Place.

OCCASIONAL.
New Haven, April 30, 1877.

A reverend gentleman, who was on a visit here, while returning from a party to the residence of the friend with whom he was staying, one night last week, had the misfortune to have his handsome "plug" hat blown into the "Black" creek pond above Main St. The hat was too good to lose, so he went to a neighboring house, borrowed a lantern, and, tying his handkerchief over his head, returned to the creek and began fishing for his lost property. After having nearly plunged headlong into the water several times, and with some assistance, he succeeded in obtaining the strayed article, and went on his way rejoicing.

Last Tuesday evening, the following persons were installed as officers of Mexico Tent, No. 85, N. O. of I. R. P. C. R., J. A. Rickard; S. J. H. McGahan; C. R. G. W. Baker; D. R. J. H. Gass; R. S. C. O. Stowell; F. S. Geo. Bennett; T. W. A. Robbins; L. Frank Carpenter; I. G. E. A. Cook; O. G. A. L. Hunt; S. to C. R. Chas. Griffith and Wm. J. Gustin; S. to D. R. Milton Parsons and A. R. Nelson.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst spoke last Friday evening in the M. E. church in this village, upon Japan and the Japanese; and Sunday evening on India. These lectures were very instructive and interesting, as Mr. Parkhurst spoke from personal observation. The attendance was good, especially on Sunday evening, when the house was crowded. Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst left town Tuesday for New York City, from where Mrs. Parkhurst will sail for Scotland, the last of this week, when Mr. Parkhurst will return to Chicago.

Dr. C. W. Radway, who has been practicing with Dr. S. Hoag for the past year, in this village, has established himself in Mexico, Oswego county. Dr. Radway is a graduate of the New York Homeopathic Medical College, and during his year's practice here has won in a marked degree the confidence of his patients and the golden opinions of those with whom he has come in contact. We look for his continued success in his new field of labor.—St. Lawrence Plaindealer.

If you want anything in the line of Dry Goods, Cloths, or Ready Made Clothing, it will be to your interest to go to the Store of Stone, Robinson & Co., as they are selling at lower prices, for cash, than ever before. They have a fine stock of new goods, and now is the time to purchase.

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RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) 50¢ per lb. red \$1.15, white, 11¢ 1/2
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Shipplings, 1/2 ton, 326
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 327
Corn, 85
Oats, 50 @ 55

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

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Loose Butter, 10 @ 14
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 13
Eggs, 11
Beef, 1/2 lb, 05 @ 14
Pork, 1/2 cwt., \$4 @ 7
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., \$8 @ 9
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, 617
Pork 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ 7
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb, 11
Ham, 1/2 lb, 11
Dried Poultry, 1/2 lb, 8 @ 10
Potatoes, 1/2 bush, 11 @ 10
Beef Hides, per lb, 6 @ 7

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$2.00; Spring, \$2.35.
Kerosene oil, 20¢ per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 50¢ per lb.
Sifted, 50¢.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 30 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 70 cts. 1/2 gal.
The poor can have cheaper.
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of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news, paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

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This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

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